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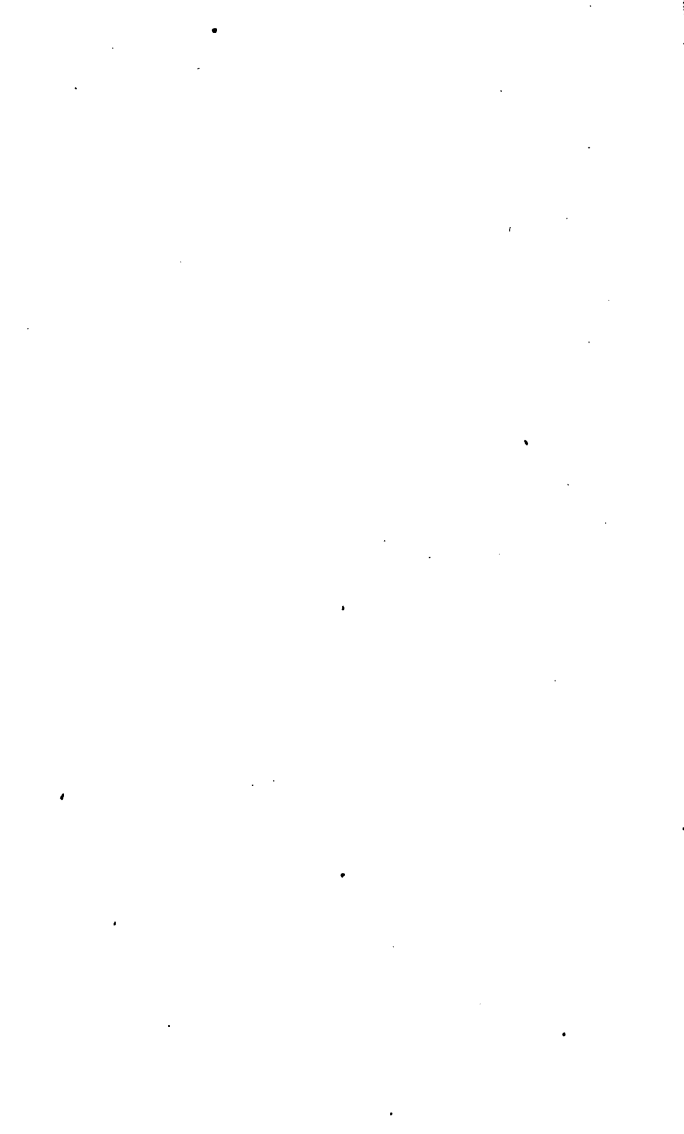
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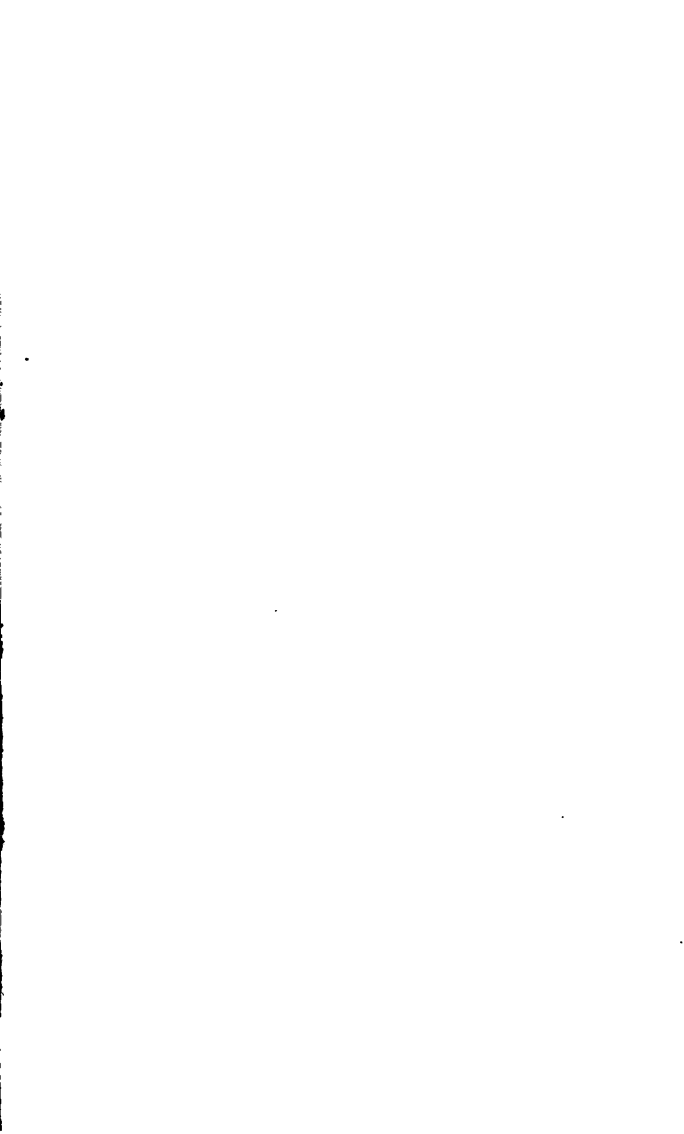
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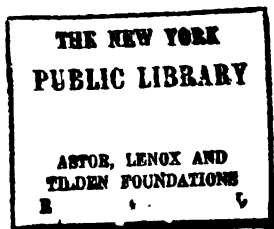
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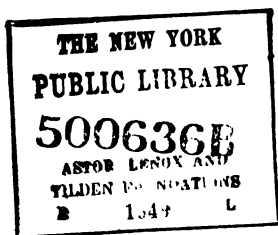
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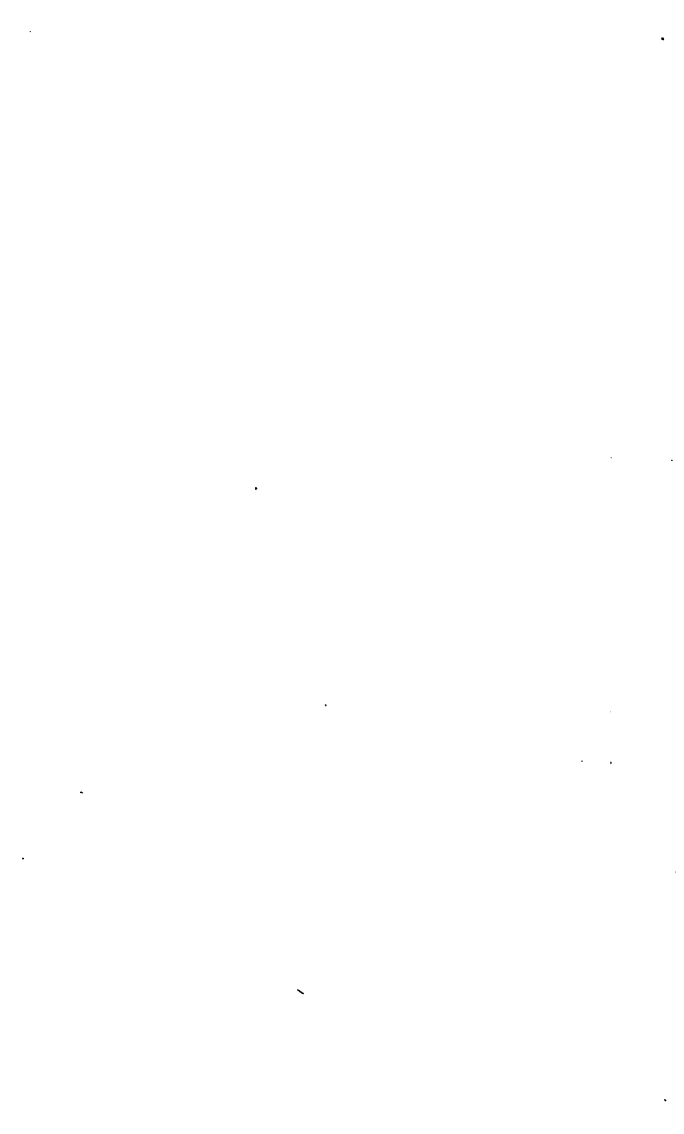
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## I.

### Fun and Work.

---

**T**OM HAYES started for school early one winter's morning, for it had been snowing all night, and he wanted to have some fun with the other boys before the school-bell rang. He was crossing one of the side streets, or rather a lane, which was very little used, and divided the street, when he heard his name called; he looked up the lane, and saw one of the school-boys running toward him.

“Come and have some fun, Tom,”

said Joe,—for that was the boy's name, — and seizing Tom by the arm, he almost dragged him with him, while he went on to tell what the fun was. "Don't you know old Mrs. Crane's cottage, just up here? Well, the snow has drifted so against her door that it is all blocked up, and how she'll ever get out is more than I can tell. Bob and I have been there for ever so long, snow-balling the door, to make her open it, for we want to hear what she will say; but she has taken no notice yet. Here goes a famous one." And he threw a snow-ball against the cottage door, which they had just reached. It was already almost covered with spots of snow, the marks of the balls with which the boys had

pelted it, and as Tom looked at it, and then at the pile of snow covering the steps, he said in a tone of contempt, "Do you call that fun? I say it's mean to cover the old lady's door like that; you might better take away the snow than add to it; you might have cleared it all away, if you had used as much time and strength in shovelling as in snow-balling, and made a nice path to the well too. I declare," he continued, speaking with more animation, "I believe we can do it yet before school-time, if we work hard. You and Bob go round to the old lady's wood-shed, and see if you can find an old broom and shovel, and I'll run down to the corner and borrow one from Mr. Niles;

then we can clear the snow away in a jiffy." Then, without waiting to see the effect of his words, he started off on a run to the corner. He was a great favorite with the boys, for he was as fond of play as he was kind and good-natured; they were all willing to be led by him; so when he returned with his borrowed shovel, he found Joe and Bob busily engaged in using the broom and shovel which they had taken from the wood-shed. Tom set to work too, and in a little while they had cleared the space in front of the door.

All this time, Mrs. Crane, who lived alone in the little cottage, had been cooking and eating her breakfast in her small back-kitchen. Although it

opened into the wood-shed, she had not heard the boys when they came for the broom and shovel, for the door was shut ; neither had she heard the thumping of the snow-balls against the front-door, for she was quite deaf. She could see very well though, if she could not hear ; and so when, after she had finished her breakfast, she came to look at the snow, fearing it was too heavy for her to clear away, and wondering what she should do, she held up her hands in amazement at the sight which presented itself. The door-step was all cleared, and the boys were working as only boys can to make a path to the well, which stood in the little court-yard, about midway between the house and the road.

"Bless me!" she exclaimed, "if this ain't kind, I don't know what is; and to think of your doing it all, without my knowing any thing about it, while I was thinking how I should ever get the snow away from the door, so that I could go for some water."

"We'll draw you a bucketful before we go," said Bob, the youngest of the three, as he stopped to rest for a moment.

"We must be quick, then," said Joe, "for there's the first school-bell ringing."

"Go close to her Bob," said Tom, "and ask for her pail; she can't hear what you say there."

So Bob mounted the door-step, and shouted to the old lady, that if she would give them a pail, they would

get her some water, and then they must go to school.

“Bless your hearts!” said she, “how kind you are to me; the Lord has surely sent you here this morning.” And she hurried into the house for her pail.

While the boys were filling it she went in again, and this time she brought out a basket of nice fresh doughnuts.

“Here,” she said, “take these; I fried a lot of them yesterday; maybe you’ll like to eat them at noon-time. Folks say I make first-rate ones.”

Tom and his friends, like most boys of their age, were very fond of doughnuts, so they received the basket with as much pleasure as Mrs. Crane did



the pail of water which they placed inside her door. Then Joe ran round to the wood-shed to put away the broom and shovel, while Tom walked toward the gate, turning the snow to the right and to the left with his shovel, so that Bob, who came on behind, carrying the basket, had a nice path to walk in. Tom returned the shovel to Mr. Niles, and then they all hurried on to school, each eating a doughnut; for their hard work had sharpened their appetites.

“Tom,” said Joe, speaking with his mouth full, in his haste to eat his doughnut and ask his question before they reached the school-house, “what did Mrs. Crane mean, when she said the Lord sent us there? Perhaps He

sent you, because you thought of doing her good ; but I don't think He sent me or Bob, for we were only trying to tease her, until you came."

" Yes, but He made you willing then to help in His work."

" Why, Tom, do you call shovelling a little snow doing the Lord's work ?"

" Yes, when we do it to help along any of His people."

There was no time for any answer, for they were just at the school-house ; but Joe thought a great deal of what Tom had said, and resolved that he for one would do the Lord's work very often.

Mrs. Crane had no trouble with the snow all that winter ; for whenever a storm came, there was Tom with Joe

and Bob, as soon as it had ceased, with shovels to clear the snow from the door, and to make a path to the well and to the road. She never let them go away without something nice for their luncheon; but the consciousness that they were working for the Lord Jesus Christ, in thus helping one of His feeble disciples, made them happier than all the doughnuts and turnovers Mrs. Crane could give them.





## II.

### The Wonderful Magnet.

---

JOHN HARRIS had a great many Christmas presents, but he liked the magnet which his Uncle Alfred gave him best of all. Wherever he could find a bit of steel, there he was, ready to show off its wonders, and he always found an interested spectator in his sister Fanny. Sometimes she would hear him calling, "Oh, Fanny! come and see me lift mother's scissors," or "See, Fanny, I can lift all these knives at once;"

when she would leave any thing, lessons or play, to witness the strange sight.

One day he found his mother looking on the floor in her room for a needle which she had dropped; Granny, too, had joined in the search.

“Oh, mamma!” he exclaimed, “please get up and let me find the needle.”

His mother very willingly complied, for it was rather hard work for her. John, however, enjoyed it greatly, for it gave him a chance to use his wonderful magnet. He passed it very carefully over the floor, as near the carpet as possible without touching it, and in a few minutes the little needle was found clinging close to the magnet.

"There, mamma," said John, as he brought it to her in triumph, "you see my magnet is useful as well as amusing."

"Yes," said Mrs. Harris, "it has probably saved some one from a wounded foot."

"But don't you think it is very wonderful as well as useful?" persisted John.

"Yes, my boy, it certainly is; and it makes me think of a still more wonderful magnet, one that attracts *people*."

"Why, what sort of a magnet can that be?" said John, looking very much perplexed.

Just then they heard the sound of a latch-key in the front door, and in

an instant Fanny was up and out of the room, running down stairs as fast as her feet could carry her.

“There” said Mrs. Harris, “what attracted Fanny to the front-door so quickly?”

“Why, papa came in,” said John; “do you mean that he is a magnet?”

“If your papa had gone into the house of a stranger, do you think there would have been any little girl running down in such haste to meet him?”

“No, of course not,” said John, “for there is no other little girl who loves papa so much. O! now I know what you mean,” he continued; “love is the magnet. How stupid I was not to think of it before.”

“Yes, love is the magnet,” replied his mother. “And see, it is drawing your father to us,” she added, as Mr. Harris entered the room looking so glad and happy to be at home again, sure of the loving welcome which awaited him, and which John and his mother were very ready to give.

“What did I hear you say, John, as I came upstairs?” said Mr. Harris, taking his seat in the arm-chair by the fire; “something about love and a magnet?”

“Yes, that was it, papa,” said John, eager to tell the new idea gained from his favorite toy; and then he related all that had passed, Fanny listening with great interest as if she quite understood it all.



“Yes,” she said, as soon as John paused long enough to give her the chance to say what had evidently been ready to burst from her lips all the time; “yes, that’s just like my Sunday-school teacher; she’s the dearest, loveliest lady in the world, O! except you, mamma.” And Mrs. Harris smiled as if she quite understood what her little girl meant. “Every one of the girls in the class think so; we would not be absent a Sunday for any thing, and it’s just because we know she loves us so much.”

“How do you know it?” said John, a little mischievously.

“Why, from the way she speaks to us, and the kind things she does for us. Don’t you remember how

she used to come and see me nearly every day last summer when I was sick, and bring me flowers and sit in my warm room, when of course it would have been pleasanter for her out of doors. And she does just the same for Jane Miles, who lives in the third story of a tenement-house."

"I think young Mr. Howe, in the mission-school, must have the magnet love," said John, "from the way he attracts those little ragged urchins to him. Why, they look so glad when he speaks to them that their faces are really beautiful, though they are dirty; and if he passes the houses where any of them live, they come out in swarms just to see him."

"When Mr. Howe went among the

tenement-houses and dirty streets of the city to seek out these poor children for his mission-school, he was like your magnet going down to the carpet to find my lost needle, was he not?" said Mrs. Harris.

"There was one whose love led Him to stoop lower than that," said Mr. Harris: "the Lord Jesus Christ, who left His home of glory 'to seek and to save that which was lost.' 'Greater love hath no man than this.' It is from Him that Fanny's teacher and Mr. Howe receive their magnetic power of love, as John's magnet gets its power of attraction from the load-stone. The more we love Jesus and think of His love to us, the more we shall love, not only our own family,

but others, whom we meet in our homes or in school. It will make you, children, love your schoolmates, and then they will be attracted to you by the magnet of your love."





### III.

## The Kind Brother.

---

“YOU love papa very much, don’t you, Aunt Carrie?” said little six-year-old Arthur, whose father had just left him to spend a few hours with his auntie, and who had witnessed the affectionate greeting and parting between the brother and sister.

“Yes, and I love his little son, too,” said Aunt Carrie, taking the little fellow in her lap and caressing him.

“But why do love him so much?” said the child, as he laid his curly head fondly on his aunt’s shoulder.

“Why, he’s my brother, you know, — that is one reason ; and then he has always been so kind to me. When we were children he was gentle, not rough, as some boys are to their sisters ; and he never raised his hand to strike or push me, — not even when he was very young.”

Arthur hid his face then, for he remembered that only yesterday he had snatched one of his blocks from his little sister Nellie, with such force as to throw her on the floor ; and though she cried he had not tried to comfort her ; and several times, when she had interfered with his play, he had slapped her quite hard. “I’ll never do so again,” he thought ; “and maybe she is so little that she’ll forget all

about it, so that when I grow up she will say I was as good as Aunt Carrie says papa was."

While these thoughts had been passing through Arthur's mind, his aunt's memory had gone back to her childhood, and to her brother's love and care for her then. She was quite prepared, therefore, to answer Arthur's question, "What did you and papa use to do when you were children, auntie?"

"We used to play together a good deal, when we were quite small. He would arrange two chairs in front of one another, and play it was a carriage, with the rocking-chair before them for the horse, around which he threw a string for reins. Then I took the back

seat with my doll, and sometimes her trunk, if we were going on a long journey ; and he would take the front seat and play driver, jerking the string to make the rocking-chair go very fast. Sometimes he described the places he played we were passing, and it used to seem as if we were really travelling. I know I thought it was great fun. There was an old-fashioned couch in the sitting-room where we played, and this we used to call our steamboat, and sail on it for a long time, though it used to distress Willie when I would jump off every little while, because he said we were in such deep water I would certainly be drowned."

"I am glad you called papa Willie



just now, auntie," said Arthur; "for it seems more as if you were telling about a little boy than when you say 'your papa,' and I know who you mean all the same."

"Well," continued Aunt Carrie, smiling; "as Willie grew older he cared less for playing in the house, and he used to be out a good deal with the school-boys; still we had a game now and then in the evenings or on rainy days."

"But why didn't you play out of doors, too?" said Arthur.

"Oh! I did, sometimes; but I was laughed at once for helping Willie fly a kite, and I was careful not to be seen doing such a thing again. He had just finished it, and as there were

none of his playmates around to help him, I offered to go out and hold it for him until he could start it, for I was as anxious to see it in the air as he was. We went out into the road, for there were too many trees near the house, and I was standing with the kite in my hand waiting for him to unwind enough string to run with it, when a farmer drove by in his wagon. As he saw me he called out, 'Look at the boy-gal, — look at the boy-gal!'

"O, Aunt Carrie! what a rude man!" exclaimed Arthur.

"So my mother said when I ran into the house to tell her, and hide my mortification. She told me I had done nothing to be ashamed of; that it was no more rude to fly a kite than to jump

the rope. Still, I could not forget it, and I was very shy of being seen in any boys' play after that. The kite flew splendidly, though; for the man did not frighten me into letting it go until Willie was ready."

"Papa has told me what fun he used to have in the snow; did you ever play with him there?"

"Sometimes; but when I attempted to help him make snow houses, my fingers ached so with the cold that I was glad to go into the house and watch him and his boy companions build them, and then go out with my doll and visit them in their house, and share with them the apples and nuts and cakes which your grandma was always ready to give us. In summer

we used to have little parties in the same way, in little houses formed of branches of trees, when strawberries or cherries or plums took the place of apples. There was no very good coasting place near our house, so I did not enjoy that sport much, because I did not like to go where all the academy boys went; but Willie often gave me a ride on his sled. He called himself my pony at those times. I remember well one afternoon, early in the winter, when I had been sick and unable to go to school for several days, I was standing at the window looking out at the snow, and feeling almost ready to cry because I could not go out, when Willie rushed in at the gate and then into the house, leaving

his sled outside at the door. I was surprised to see him ; for I supposed he would stay after school to coast with the other boys ; but he had left them and come to take me out for a ride. ‘It isn’t very cold, mother,’ he said, as she hesitated ; ‘and if Carrie is well wrapped up, I am sure it will not hurt her to go on my sled.’ I was quite well again, though I had not yet been out, so my mother consented, and we were soon on our way to the pond. Some of the other boys seeing me with my brother went for their sisters ; so your father’s example led them to be kind. We had a splendid time. The pond was frozen hard, and the boys had swept the snow from it so that they could skate and draw our sleds

too by tying the rope fast to their waists. Oh ! how swiftly we glided along ! It seemed as if we were flying. As soon as I began to feel cold, Willie took me home, and though it was too late for him to return to the pond after that, he did not seem to mind giving up the longer pleasure he might have had there if I had not been with him. This afternoon's ride made him think of taking me to school on his sled. In the evening he asked your grandma if I were well enough to go to school yet. She said yes ; but she was afraid if I walked there through the snow I might get sick again, so I would have to stay at home some time longer, and perhaps all winter. ' But, mother,' said he, ' why could not I take her on

my sled? I would go for her again after school, and bring her home.' 'Yes, Willie,' said my mother, 'she could go with you very comfortably; but think, are you willing to lose the pleasure of coasting with the other boys after school, as you would if you brought Carrie home every day, for we may have snow on the ground all winter?' 'I shall not mind that if you will let her go,' was Willie's reply. So the next morning I started for school on my brother's sled, prouder and happier, I am sure, than any queen who ever rode in a gilded coach. I know a great many of the school-girls wished that they had such a brother. We had more snow-storms than usual that winter, and it so happened that I very

seldom walked to school; but your papa never seemed to be tired of his agreement to take me there and bring me home, though he lost much of his play-time in consequence. Sometimes, however, I staid an hour after school and studied my lessons for the next day, that he might coast with the other boys before taking me home. For he went to the academy, which was near my school, and the hill where they used to coast was just behind it; but his usual custom was to take me home first and then return, which took a good deal of time; so I think he was very kind, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed, Aunt Carrie," said Arthur; "and when I get a sled, I mean to be just as kind, and take my



sister to school, and anywhere she wants to go."

"Then she will love you just as I love my brother Will," said Aunt Carrie, giving him a kiss; "and now let us go into the garden and see if this warm sunshine has not brought out some crocuses for you to take to Nellie when you go home."

Arthur felt very happy as he ran along the garden paths, with the sweet spring air blowing soft on his cheek, and saw the leaves bursting from the trees all about him; his heart was full of love,—love to his dear papa and auntie and little sister. Then, as his aunt reminded him of his dear Father in heaven, who had made all the beautiful things which he saw around him,

and had given him all his friends, his heart felt full of love to Him also. Thus the more we love each other the more we shall love God, for "Every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God."





#### IV.

### Ella and Her Cousin.

---

“**W**HOO do you think that is?” said Ella Gray, as she came into the library where her cousin John was reading, and placed a photograph which had just been taken of herself before him.

“I think,” said her cousin smiling, as he took up the card, “I think that it is the likeness of a very saucy little girl.”

“O Cousin John!” said Ella; “what an unkind remark. This is

what I think of you," she continued ; and taking her photographic album from a table near them, she turned to the page containing his likeness, and wrote under it, "a rude bear."

"How severe," said her cousin, laughing, as he read it ; "but does not your writing that prove what I said to be true?"

"Well, you should not have provoked me to it, then," replied Ella.

"But I did not mean to offend you," said her cousin. "I thought you would consider what I said a compliment."

"A compliment!" exclaimed Ella, in surprise.

"Why, yes ; I thought you were rather proud of being able to say sharp, spicy things."

“ Oh ! ” said Ella, with a toss of her head, the expression of her face changing from that of mortified anger to the saucy smile of the photograph, “ I always give as good as is sent.”

“ But sometimes,” continued her cousin, “ you make remarks to persons which you mean to be witty, but which causes them to feel very uncomfortably, and holds them up to the ridicule of others. For instance, I heard you say the other evening.— ”

“ No matter what I said,” said Ella, interrupting him ; “ I don’t care to hear my speeches repeated.” To tell the truth, she felt a little ashamed that her cousin had noticed her words, for she had a great regard for his good opinion, — he was so much older than

she was, and went to college. "I see what you mean," she continued, "but my tongue is my own, and I am sure I can use it as I like."

"O Ella!" said her mother, who entered the room just in time to hear her last words, "you forget from whom you receive the gift of speech. God gave it to you to use for Him in making others happy, and you can do so much good with it, by speaking kind words, and by teaching those who do not know as much as you do. King David in one of the Psalms describes those who speak false flattering words as saying, 'Our lips are our own, who is lord over us?' But *his* prayer is, 'Set a watch, O Lord, over the door of my lips, that I sin not against

thee with my tongue.' Would you not rather join in his prayer, than in the boastful words of the false flatterers?"

A few days after this conversation, Ella's Cousin John, who was spending his vacation at his aunt's house, took a severe cold, which so affected his voice, that for more than a week he could not speak above a whisper; in deed, it was a painful effort for him to speak at all. How his voice was missed in the family! He could no longer join in their morning hymn of praise; grandma had to read the paper for herself, though her eyes were weak, and Ella had no one to help her with her lessons or tell her amusing stories. Then she realized how useful the gift of speech might become.

“O Cousin John!” she said one day, “how glad I shall be when you can talk to me once more.”

Her cousin looked pleased, as he whispered, “Shall I write you a letter instead of talking?”

“Yes, do,” said Ella, and she handed him a piece of paper and a pencil. In a few minutes he returned the paper with the following words written upon it:

“MY DEAR ELLA: I have thought a great deal of what your mother said that day about the gift of speech. I see that it belongs to God, for He can take it away when He thinks best. When He gives it back to me again, I hope I shall be able to use it better than I have ever used it before. I am



sorry that I spoke as I did when you showed me your photograph. — J.”

“Why, Cousin John,” said Ella, a little surprised when she read the last sentence, “what you said of me was true.”

Her cousin wrote again :

“Perhaps so ; but the Bible tells us to speak the truth in love, and I did not say that *in love*, but rather because I wanted to tease you. I am sorry for it now.”

Tears came into Ella’s eyes as she wrote, for it was easier than to say them, these words :

“I am going to pray David’s prayer every day.”

“And so will I,” whispered John.

A week of John’s vacation re-

mained after he recovered the use of his voice, and during that time he was never heard to tease Ella once, nor did she make any unkind and saucy remarks.

Do you not think that the Lord did set a watch over their lips, and that His grace kept them from sinning against Him with their tongues?





V.

Fred's Letter.

A TRUE STORY.

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FRED'S mamma was seated at her desk, writing a letter, while Fred appeared to be amusing himself with his playthings, which were scattered around him upon the floor; but though the little fellow harnessed his wooden horse to his wagon, and then loaded his wagon with blocks, it was done very quietly and sadly; for he was thinking of his dear little cousin Mary, who, only a few weeks before, had been playing with him, and how

nicely she used to load the wagon, and how gentle and kind she was. But she had been taken sick, and suffered very much for a few days; and then, his mamma said, she had gone to live with Jesus in heaven. He sat thinking it all over for a few minutes, and then he said, "Mamma, will little Mary never come and play with me any more?"

His mother raised her eyes from her writing, and saw a very anxious little face looking up into hers. "My darling," she said, "don't you remember that I told you that little Mary had gone to heaven to live?"

"But, mamma, is heaven so very far off that she cannot come to see us some time?" said Fred.

His mother did not like to sadden her little boy still more, by saying plainly that she could never come back ; so she told him that some day they would all be together in heaven with Jesus, and then he would see little Mary.

For a few minutes Fred seemed satisfied, and his mother turned again to her letter, which she was anxious to finish for that evening's mail ; but again she was interrupted by her little boy, who, standing close by her side, asked for a pencil and piece of paper. She gave them to him, and he went to a table near and began to write. He was too young to know how to read and write yet ; but he often amused himself by scribbling upon paper,

thinking he was sending love messages, as he had seen his mamma write. His pencil moved very rapidly for some time; and when the paper was all filled with his writing, he brought it to his mamma's desk, and asked her to put his letter in an envelope, and send it for him.

"To whom shall I direct, my boy?" asked his mother.

"Why, mamma, I want it to go to Jesus in heaven, to ask Him to let Mary come and spend just one day with us. Don't you think He will?"

Tears came into his mother's eyes, as she looked into the earnest, pleading face upturned to hers. She put down her pen; and, lifting her little boy into her lap, she said, "My darl-

ing Fred, we do not need to write any letters to the dear Lord Jesus to tell Him what we want; for He is with us all the time. Although we cannot see Him, He knows what we think and what we say; and when we speak to Him, he listens to us."

"Then, mamma, won't you ask Him to let Mary come?" said Fred, very earnestly.

"But would you like to have Mary leave a place where she is very happy, and come here again? You remember that she was very often sick, and cried a great many times because she had so much pain; now she is never sick, and never cries. Sometimes here she was afraid to be left alone in the dark, but in heaven it is always light, and she is

never afraid. We cannot see Jesus, though we know He is here with us ; but little Mary sees Him ; and oh ! He loves her so much. Her dear mamma is with her there too, and here she had no mamma. You would not like to go and stay away all day from me, would you ? ”

“ Oh, no ! I love to be with you always,” said Fred, as he put his arms tightly around his mother’s neck, and kissed her over and over again.

“ Then are you not willing that little Mary should stay with her mamma, and with Jesus, and in a place where she is never sick or in any trouble ? ”

“ Yes,” said Fred, very slowly ; and his mamma saw that he was only half satisfied, so she told him a little story.



“ When I was about as old as you are, Fred, one of my brothers picked up a little bird, which had fallen from its nest, and had not learned to fly. No one knew where the nest was, so my brother put the bird in a cage, and fed it until it was able to hop from perch to perch, and could sing a little. But one day while my brother was filling the bird's cup with water, he forgot to shut the door of the cage, and away the little bird flew among the trees, and we saw him no more. I loved the little bird very much, and I cried because he had gone ; but my mamma told me he was a great deal happier flying among the trees and about the garden than he would have been in the cage ; and then she took me

into the grove near the house, where we saw the birds hopping about, and heard them singing ; and she said, ‘ See how happy they are ; would you like to shut any of them up in a cage again ? ’ I was sure that I would not, and I did not cry any more for the little bird that had flown away. Now, dear little Mary is so happy in her beautiful home, with Jesus, and her mamma, and the bright angels, that we will not ask to have her sent back ; but we will pray to Jesus to make us so loving and gentle here, that some day we may all go and live in the beautiful home where she is, and then we shall see her again.” Then Fred and his mamma knelt down by the couch, and she told Jesus how glad they were that He

had made little Mary so happy, and asked Him to let them live with her in heaven, when they had finished all He wanted them to do on this earth.





## VI.

### Harry's Words.

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IT was a lovely day, early in summer, when Eva Wilson started for a walk in the woods. She had just reached the gate when she heard a childish voice calling, "Sister Eva, please take me with you!" And looking up, she saw her little brother Harry at the nursery window.

"O darling!" she said, "I am going too far; you would get tired."

"No, I wouldn't; I can walk, oh! so far." And the little one stretched out his arms to their utmost limit.

“O you little pet! you are too sweet,” exclaimed Eva; “I must take you.” And she returned to the house and ran upstairs to see if mamma was willing. Yes, she was very glad to let him go, for the nurse had gone out, and she had to take care of the baby.

“I will only go to the grove near the house, instead of down by the river, as I intended,” said Eva when she left the room with Harry. He was very happy trotting along by his sister’s side, and delighted with the flowers which they found in great profusion in the grove. He wanted to pick every one; but he was soon tired of carrying them, so he gave them to his sister to add to her bouquet. He only kept one branch, which Eva had

picked for him from a tree. This he called his whip, and ran along driving imaginary horses, until he was quite in advance of his sister; then suddenly he stopped to look for her; she was nowhere to be seen. He ran back calling, "Eva! sister Eva!" but there was no answer. The little fellow did not seem at all afraid. "Harry find you," he said; and, sure enough, very soon he spied his sister hiding behind a great tree.

"Harry knew you wouldn't go away," he said, as he clasped his little arms about her neck when she stooped to kiss him.

"Why did you know it, my pet?" said Eva.

"Because you love me so much."

And the little prattler gave her another tight squeeze.

Eva sat with Harry under the tree to rest a few moments, and then they turned their steps homeward. "Let us take this path, Harry," said his sister, when they came to the place where two paths met, "and go to see Aunt Katie ; I dare say she would like some wild flowers."

Harry was glad to go, for Aunt Katie was very kind to him, as well as to all little people. She lived quite alone in a little cottage, not far from his father's house, and, though she had not a relative in the world, everybody called her Aunt Katie, and everybody loved her. She suffered much from illness, and was seldom able to leave the house,

but she was always cheerful, and even the children liked to go to see her.

She saw Eva and Harry approaching, for she was seated at the window, and she looked much pleased. "Come in, come in," she said; "your bright faces make my heart glad."

Eva led Harry into the room; but after he had kissed Aunt Katie he wanted to go out again; he had caught sight of some little chickens in a coop, under a tree near the house, and must go and feed them. So Aunt Katie called her little maid to get a piece of bread, and go with him to give it to the chickens.

"What a dear little boy he is," said Aunt Katie, as he left the room; "how you must love him."



“ Yes, indeed I do,” replied Eva ;  
“ and he knows it.” And she related  
how he had found her behind the tree  
that afternoon, and what he had said.

Aunt Katie's eyes filled with tears,  
and she made no reply for a few mo-  
ments ; then she said, “ I think my  
dear Lord sent you here this afternoon  
to tell me that baby's words to comfort  
me. I have been suffering much pain  
to-day ; have been unable to leave my  
chair, and have felt depressed and  
lonely. But if that little one so trusted  
in your love that he knew you would  
not leave him, but would take care  
of him, surely I can trust Him who  
has said, ‘ I have loved thee with an  
everlasting love,’ and, ‘ I will never  
leave thee, nor forsake thee.’ I am

sure He will not send one pain more than is best, 'because He loves me so.' "

As Eva marked the old lady's happy smile and beaming eye when she said this, a longing came to her heart to know something of this wondrous love of Jesus of which Aunt Katie spoke ; but Harry came in then, ready to go home, having fed the chickens ; so, giving her flowers to the little maid to arrange in a vase of water for her mistress, she bade her dear old friend good-by.

But she did not forget her words ; and at last the desire which they had awakened became so strong that she determined to go and ask her friend how she too might rejoice in Jesus' love.

“My child,” said Aunt Katie, “the more you strive to do His will, the more you will know of His love. Jesus says, ‘Take my yoke upon you and learn of me;’ that is, let Him guide you, be willing to do all He tells you to do, and to bear all He gives you to bear. He also says, ‘He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him.’ Obedience comes first, then joy in His love.”

“But, Aunt Katie, how can we keep all His commandments? I get so discouraged when I try, for I do so many wicked things.”

“Jesus knew that it would be so,

and so He said the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, 'whom the Father will send in my name, He shall teach you all things.' We have not to try to obey in our own strength, the Holy Spirit will help us ; we have only to ask for it. Thus you see we must begin this path of obedience, trusting to the help of the Holy Spirit, and as we go on we shall know more and more of this precious love of Christ, which has always been ours, even when we cared not for it."

Eva did commence to follow the Lord Jesus as an obedient child, trusting in the Holy Spirit to help her, and she found increasing happiness each day in His love. When disappointment and trial came, she was able to

bear them, for she knew He would only send what was needful for her. She remembered Harry's words, "Because you love me so."





## VII.

### How a Quarrel was Ended.

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SUCH a pretty squirrel as George and Harry saw one day, when they were going home from school. He was sitting on a log, eating a nut ; and though they stood very still to watch him, his sharp eyes spied them in a moment, and away he ran into a hole at the end of the log.

“That’s where he lives,” said George, “and if we could only keep him there long enough for me to run home and get my trap, we can catch him.”

“ Well,” said Harry, “ I’ll pile stones or something against the hole, and watch while you are gone. Here’s a board ; that’s better yet,” he continued, picking up a piece of wood which was lying behind the log. “ Ho !” said George, “ the squirrel can push that away in a second.”

“ Not if I can help it,” said Harry ; and, seating himself across the log, he placed the board over the hole into which the squirrel had gone and held it securely at each end, while George ran off for the trap. He soon returned, and then the door of the trap was placed by the hole instead of the board ; and, after surrounding it with stones, so the squirrel could not push it away, the boys went off a little way

and stood behind the trees to see if the little fellow would walk into the house provided for him. He had, no doubt, been rather astonished at the noise and confusion about his house ; but, now it was all so still, he probably thought he could venture out ; for in a few minutes the boys heard a little bound, the trap was sprung, and the squirrel was safely captured. They admired him through the wires at the side of the trap, not much to his satisfaction, for he seemed very much frightened, and struggled to get out.

Now came the question, what they should do with him. George said he belonged to him, because the trap was his, and he had brought it there, while Harry said he had kept him in the log,



so he had quite as good a right to him. They talked it over as they walked together toward home, George carrying the trap ; and the afternoon, which had commenced so pleasantly, came very near ending in a quarrel. At last George proposed that the squirrel should live with him a week, and then with Harry for the same time, and so they could take turns.

Harry could not make any objection to this very fair offer, though a week seemed very long to wait for the pretty squirrel ; however, he could see it often, for George lived very near him.

The boys intended to make a house for their pet after a while ; but, for the present, Harry's mother lent them a

large cage which she had once used in raising birds. At first the poor squirrel seemed very unhappy; he ran wildly about the cage, or else remained curled up in a heap in the corner, and would scarcely eat any thing; but before the end of the week, he became more sociable, and even condescended to nibble bits of apple and cracker while the boys were looking at him.

During the week he spent with Harry, he became still more tame, and at last took a berry from Harry's fingers, though he was in such haste to be off with it that he left the print of his sharp teeth in the flesh. Harry was unusually fond of animals, and every day he became more and more fond of the squirrel, so that when George

came to take it at the end of the week, he could not bear to let it go.

At first he tried to persuade him to leave it a few days longer ; but George was quite as anxious to have possession of the squirrel as Harry, and would not consent. Then Harry lost his temper. " I say you sha'n't have it," he exclaimed ; " the cage is my mother's, and I did the most toward catching the squirrel, and I mean to keep it." And he moved so that he stood directly in front of the cage. Then George tried to push him away, and there would very likely have been some hard blows and fighting, if Harry's mother, who had heard the angry tones, had not appeared to settle the dispute.

When she heard how it was, she insisted that Harry must abide by the agreement he had made, and give up the squirrel. So George carried it off in triumph, and Harry went to his room to indulge his angry feelings to his heart's content. He would never speak to George again,—no, never,—while George said the same about Harry, and so they kept it up for two days. In school they took no notice of each other, and out of school they played with other boys. Of course they were both very unhappy, for they had been constant companions and were much attached to each other. George lost all his interest in the squirrel; his mother, who knew of the quarrel, noticed this, and she said,

“Would you not rather have Harry for a play-fellow than the squirrel?”

Yes, he was sure he would. “Then why not go to Harry and offer the squirrel to him and be friends again?”

George hesitated a moment; Harry had been so very provoking that he did not like to go to him first, but at last he made up his mind he would. He met Harry just coming out of his gate. “See here, old fellow,” he said, “I have come to say you may have the squirrel, if you want him.”

“Why, George,” said Harry in surprise, “are you tired of him already?”

“No, not exactly; but I’d rather you would own him, and then we can be friends once more,” replied George. Harry was silent for a few minutes;

he thought George was so kind, and he was so ashamed of himself, yet somehow he couldn't think of any words to express what he felt. "I'll tell you what's a good plan," said he at length; "let's give the squirrel away."

"Give him away!" said George in surprise; "to whom?"

"Why, when I went yesterday with a message from my mother to the washerwoman, I saw her little boy. He's lame; and, though he is about as old as we are, he is very small, and he can hardly ever go out of the house. He has to be alone so much that I thought he might like the squirrel for company, and we could go and see it sometimes."

George was very much pleased with

this idea; and, as their mothers both highly approved of the plan, the boys carried the squirrel to Dick, the lame boy, that same afternoon. He was delighted when he saw it; and, when he understood that it was for him to keep, he was too happy to speak. His mother was afraid the young gentlemen would think he was not grateful, but they knew how a boy would feel better than she did, and they were all the more pleased because he looked rather than spoke his thanks.

As for the squirrel, he seemed to like his new home better than any he had had before. Perhaps because he knew that he made the day pass less wearily for Dick, and thus was of some use. He soon became so tame

that his little master could let him out of his cage, and he would come and sit on his shoulder, or climb on his chair and eat from his hand.

George and Harry were now greater friends than ever, and came very often to see Dick and his squirrel, which they enjoyed more than if they had kept it for themselves.

The little lame boy never knew how his helplessness and suffering, by awakening their pity for him, had made peace between them. Thus God can make even feeble little ones useful in His service.





## VIII.

### Robbie and his Sister.

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ROBBIE and his dog had been playing ball together, Robbie rolling it away over the lawn, and Beppo running to find it and bring it back in his mouth to his young master. They had stopped to rest by a rustic seat, or rather Robbie had, for Beppo was not tired, he stood all ready for another run, when, tinkle-tinkle, came the sound of a bell, which Robbie knew meant that it

was time for him to come to his lessons.

“O dear!” said he impatiently, “I don’t see why I need go into the house, just for that bell; mamma did not ring it, only sister Sue, and the Bible does not say we must mind our sisters.”

If Robbie had chosen, he might have remembered that when his mamma went away from home a few days before, she had said, “Be a good boy, Robbie, and mind your sister Sue;” so if he should now disobey her, he would really disobey his mother.

The bell sounded again. For a moment Robbie stood irresolute; then, putting on his hat, he said, “No, this is too pleasant a morning to be shut

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up in the house ; I'm off for the woods. Come, Beppo." So over the lawn he scampered through the garden, and over the fence into the field, across which a path led to the woods, the dog running on before him, seeming full of delight at the prospect of a ramble.

Robbie's sister saw him from the sitting-room window, where she had arranged every thing in readiness for the morning's study. She looked sad and disappointed, partly because now she could not give a perfect report of her brother to her mamma on her return, and partly because she had herself given up a morning's pleasure to carry out her mother's wishes. Just before she rang the bell for Robbie,

a party of young friends had come to the door in a carriage to invite her to take a drive with them. It was a tempting offer, for the morning was a beautiful one; but she had said, "No, she had promised mamma when she went away to hear Robbie's lessons just as mamma did when she was at home, and she could not leave him."

So her friends had gone away thinking she was too particular, and she had looked after them with longing eyes, wishing that her mamma had been at home. Now that Robbie had run off, she might have gone as well as not, so no wonder she felt sad and disappointed. She did not remain very long idly looking out of the window, however, but practised her music lesson to

be in readiness for her teacher, and then busied herself with the week's mending, for mamma must not find her basket full of work when she came home.

In the meantime, Robbie was trying to have a nice time in the woods, but he was not very successful. It had never seemed so still and lonely there to him before; once in a while he heard the chirping of a cricket, or the buzzing of a fly, but when that ceased, the stillness seemed all the greater. Even Beppo became subdued and silent, and walked gravely by Robbie's side, instead of frisking as usual.

The fact was, they had both had play enough for one morning, and would have been far happier at home,

Robbie learning his lessons, and Beppo dozing on the piazza, ready to drive off any cow which might chance to stray on the lawn.

There was a lovely clear brook running along by the path Robbie had chosen, and he amused himself for a few minutes by throwing stones in the water, — the splashing they made was a pleasant relief to the stillness. When he was tired of this he took a seat on a flat stone by the edge of the brook, and, taking off his shoes and stockings, paddled in the water with his feet. He found this so pleasant that he soon left the stone, to walk through the centre of the brook, though the pebbles were rather rough for his feet. As for Beppo, he lay on the bank watching

his young master, ready to jump in and drag him from the brook as soon as he saw any danger. His watch was somewhat rudely interrupted; for suddenly a great black dog made his appearance, and sprang upon poor Beppo, as if he meant to drive him from the woods. But Beppo, though smaller than his enemy, had quite as much courage, and was determined to stand his ground; so the fight might have ended badly for him, if the master of the strange dog had not come very soon, and called him off. Robbie, who had scrambled on to the bank by this time, was very much frightened, and when he saw that Beppo's ear was bleeding a little from the marks of the strange dog's teeth, he began to cry.

“Never mind, my little man,” said the gentleman, “some cold water will soon cure your dog, and here is something for you.” And he held out a bright five cent piece to Robbie.

“No, I thank you, sir,” said Robbie, trying to look very proud and grand; “my mamma gives me all the money I need, and she doesn’t wish me to take it from any one else.”

“Oh! I ask your pardon,” said the gentleman, smiling at Robbie’s manner; “I thought all boys liked to buy a little candy now and then.” And he glanced at Robbie’s bare feet, and clothes soiled from scrambling up the bank, as if he thought he might need money for something besides candy.

“He takes me for a beggar boy, I



suppose," thought Robbie, feeling very much ashamed as he became suddenly conscious that he was very far from being the neat little boy who had left sister Sue just after breakfast that morning.

After the gentleman had walked on with his dog, who had not dared to attack Beppo after his master had appeared, Robbie thought it was time for him to put on his stockings and shoes and start for home. A little cold water from the brook did not cure Beppo's ear; so Robbie walked very fast, for he thought sister Sue would know what to do for it. Kind sister Sue! Robbie began to feel very sorry that he had treated her so badly.

His conscience gave him a great

many hard pricks as he trudged through the hot sun over the field which was between the shady woods and the garden. But when he saw his sister waiting for him on the piazza, looking as loving and kind as if he had not been a naughty boy, the tears which he had been choking down ever since the gentleman had offered him the five cent piece could not be kept back any longer.

“Why, Robbie, what has happened?” said his sister, as he came up the steps, and putting his arm around her waist hid his face in the folds of her dress. She was surprised at this outburst from her little brother, who, though he was only eight years old, was usually too proud to cry.

“O Susy!” he sobbed, as she raised his head and wiped away the tears, “I’m so sorry I didn’t come when you rang the bell; and can you do any thing for Beppo’s ear; a dog bit it?”

“Oh, yes!” said his sister, “I’ll get something that will soon cure it, while you are getting ready for dinner, which will be on the table in a few minutes.”

After dinner, when his sister brought her work out on the piazza, Robbie told her all about the morning, and how ashamed he felt to be taken for a beggar boy.

“Would it not have been worse if the gentleman had thought you were a bad boy?” said his sister gravely.

“I know I was not good to run away,” said Robbie, slowly; “but

then you know mamma was not at home."

"And you thought you need not mind sister Sue. But what did mamma say when she went away, do you remember?" Robbie nodded; he knew very well. "So you see when you ran off you were really disobeying mamma. If you and I want to please God, we will try to do as mamma wishes when she is absent, just as much as when she is here, for God sees us all the time, and He knows when we are disobedient, if mamma does not."

Robbie looked very serious; it made him feel solemn to think that God saw him all the time, and he wondered if it was because God was looking at him in the woods, that it seemed so still there.

Robbie never failed to come to his lessons after that; not even Beppo, whose ear was soon well, could tempt him to stay away. When his mother returned, after two weeks' absence, his sister quite forgot to tell her of his morning in the woods, he had been such a good boy all the rest of the time.





## IX.

### Violet and the Cat.

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ONE bright summer morning, Violet's mother told her that her grandmother had sent for her to come and make her a visit. The little girl was delighted.

She ran to her room, chose out of her drawer her favorite doll with its wardrobe, took from a shelf a little work-box she had received at the last Christmas, and as soon as her mother had packed her bag, she went off in

the carriage to the village where her grandmother lived.

Oh! how happy she was, as the wheels rolled swiftly on; every thing she saw as she passed looked so beautifully. Then her grandmother was so glad to see her, and had such a nice dinner ready for her. While Violet was eating her pudding, the old gray cat came rubbing against her chair, and mewed in a very gentle, well-bred manner, as if she would say, "Please give me some."

"Oh! grandmamma," said Violet, "may I give pussy some pudding?"

"I think she would rather have some milk," said grandmamma; "when you have finished your dinner, you may go

and ask Martha to give you some for her."

Pussy did not have to wait very long before Violet was ready to go to the kitchen for some milk. Martha gave it to her in a bowl, and told her to take it outside of the kitchen door for the cat. Violet carried the bowl very slowly, for fear of spilling the milk, and pussy ran along before her until she came to the place where she was usually fed, and then she sat up very straight and waited for Violet to put the bowl on the ground for her. The little girl stood and watched her for a few minutes, and then she went with Martha to feed the chickens. There were some little ones just out of the shell that morning, and Violet was de-



lighted with the pretty downy creatures ; she sat on a stone near the stoop and watched them for some time.

When she returned to the house, Martha told her she must be very still, for her grandmother had gone to her room to take a nap ; so the little girl took her doll on to the porch where it was shady, and proceeded to dress her in her very best clothes, intending to take her for a walk. She amused herself in this way for some time, when all at once it struck her that it was very still. She looked through the trees to the house on the other side of the road, but there was no one moving there ; then at the house beyond the garden hedge ; every one seemed asleep there.

“ I’ll go and find Martha,” she

thought, and she went round the other side of the house to the kitchen. Every thing there was in perfect order, with no sound but the loud ticking of the kitchen clock ; no one was to be seen ; Martha must have gone to take a nap too.

Violet passed on through the dining-room ; there she spied on a table a row of jars containing nice fresh raspberry jam, just made that morning. Violet liked raspberry jam. She wondered if any one would know if she just took a little taste ; she listened again, all was as still as ever, so she went softly toward the table. She would not heed the prickings of conscience, which seemed to tell her not to touch it. She lifted the lid of one of the jars, and

plunged her tiny fingers deep into the rich red jam. She was just lifting it to her lips when she saw two great, staring, yellow eyes fixed intently upon her. It was the cat, which had been sleeping in grandma's chair. The suddenness of the stare startled her; she could not bear to be seen stealing, even by a cat; ashamed, she hastily recovered the jar and hurried from the room. But all through the afternoon she felt those big eyes upon her, and she could not bear to meet the cat. Her grandmamma came down stairs pretty soon, and took her to walk with her doll down the pleasant village street. But Violet was very quiet; she felt uncomfortable and mean.

When they were seated at the tea-

table, puss came again, begging for something to eat. But Violet was cross and told her to go away. "Why, Violet," said her grandma, "I thought you liked poor pussy."

"No, grandma," said Violet, "I don't like her now, she stares so."

"Stares so!" exclaimed grandma in surprise; "what do you mean? you don't mind pussy's great round eyes, do you?"

"Sometimes, when she looks as she did this afternoon, when you were upstairs," said Violet. "Grandma, do cats like raspberry jam?"

"I guess not," said grandma, smiling; "but little girls do." And then Violet thought her grandmother looked at her as if she knew all she had meant to do.

She got down from her chair, and went round to her grandmamma and hid her face on her shoulder. "O grandmamma!" she whispered, "I am so sorry; but I didn't take any jam."

"Did you mean to take some, Violet?" asked her grandmamma, gravely.

"Yes, but pussy stared at me, and I ran away; but I was naughty."

"Yes; Violet should have waited until grandma came down, and she would have given her some jam; it is always wrong to take things without leave. Pussy did not know that; and it was your conscience made you stop when you saw her looking at you. But, my darling, the next time you are tempted to do wrong, and you think no one is looking, remember

there is an Eye which sees every thing you do, whether it is good or evil. If you try to do right, it will make you happy to be watched by the all-seeing eye of God, because you will know that He is taking care of you."

When Violet went to bed, her grand-mamma read a few verses from the Bible to her as her mamma always did, and these words were among them: "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good." And the next morning Violet learnt to repeat them by heart.

Violet spent several very happy days with her grandmamma; and just as she was getting into the carriage to go away, the kind old lady gave her a little basket, which she told her to

carry carefully, and not open till she reached home. Then what do you think she found in it? A pot of raspberry jam; so Violet had all she wanted without stealing.





## X.

### Fizzie's Troubles.

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**L**IZZIE EVANS had a composition to write, and, as all little girls know, that is no easy task. Her dear mother was suffering from headache, and could give her no assistance, so she was obliged to take her slate and pencil to her own room, to write it all by herself.

She had just written down her subject, and was trying to think what she could say about it — when buzz ! buzz ! came a great black hornet close to her ear.



How Lizzie started ! for she was much afraid of wasps, hornets, and bees, with their terrible stings ; she could not be persuaded that they only used them in self-defence. Fortunately, she remembered her mother's illness in time to suppress a scream, so she sat very still, trembling and watching the creature as he buzzed about the room, as if he felt much elated at having frightened a being so many times larger than himself. He flew up the ceiling, bounding against it, and then rebounding like an India-rubber ball, until Lizzie wondered he did not knock his head off.

She could not write a word while she was fearing every moment he would fly against her face and sting her ; oh !



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would he never go away? Suddenly she remembered what her mother had so often told her, that no trouble is too small to ask God to take away. In an instant her head was bowed upon her slate, and in a few simple words, she prayed her dear Father in heaven not to let the hornet trouble her any more. She had scarcely raised her head when the insect flew toward the open window, and, with one parting buzz, was out again in the sunshine and among the flowers. How grateful Lizzie felt to the dear Friend who had so speedily relieved her from her fears!

She had now nothing to divert her thoughts from her composition, but yet she could think of nothing to say. She wrote down one sentence, then rubbed

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Do such little troubles seem too trifling to tell to our Heavenly Father? When He says that not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice, that even the hairs of our head are all numbered, He means to teach us that nothing is too small for His loving care. If you would be truly happy and at peace, tell Him all your troubles and your wants, earnestly and seriously, as you would ask your father or mother for what you desire or need.





## XI.

### Jesus Pleased, not Himself.

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“I HOPE I shall have some new books for my Christmas present,” said Nellie Stacey, as she threw down the book she had been reading, and drew her chair to the fire. “I am tired of reading the old ones.”

“I hope so, too,” said her brother George; “though, if you get books, you can lend them to us; so I think I would rather have a box of building-blocks or some carpenter’s tools.”

“I want a drum and some soldiers,”

said Charlie, a younger brother, in a loud voice.

“O Charlie!” said little May, the youngest of the four, “you must not talk about toys on Sunday.”

“Nonsense!” said George, who felt that he had set the example; “where’s the harm? It’s not like playing with them. You might as well talk of them as think about them; and I bet any thing you’ve thought a great many times to-day about the large wax doll you hope to get day after to-morrow.”

May could not deny that the vision of the doll had presented itself to her imagination very often through the day, so she was very glad that the entrance of her mother spared her the necessity of making any reply.



“O mamma!” said Nellie, “I am so glad you have come down stairs; now we can have a nice talk before tea.” And she drew an easy chair to the fire for her mother, while the four children gathered around her.

“What were you all doing when I came in?” said Mrs. Stacey, as soon as they were comfortably seated. “Not reading in the twilight, I hope?”

“No, mamma; we had closed our books,” said Nellie, “and were talking about Christmas, and what we hoped Santa Claus would bring us.” Then she kissed her mother affectionately, nodding significantly to the other children, as if she would say to them that they knew very well who their Santa Claus would be.

“ Well, my darlings,” said Mrs. Stacey, “ I hope all your wishes will be gratified ; but I also hope you will have other thoughts connected with Christmas-day than merely what you expect to receive as gifts. Can you tell me, Charlie, for what our Lord Jesus Christ came into the world on that day ? ”

“ To be our Saviour from sin, was it not, mamma ? ”

“ Yes ; He came to die for us, and to give us everlasting life, and for that we owe Him our highest gratitude and love. Yet, before He died for us, He lived here thirty-three years, and His life must teach us many things. You know the Bible says, ‘ He pleased not Himself,’ that ‘ He went about doing good ; ’ and so it seems as if Christmas,

this dear Saviour's birthday, should be especially the time for making others happy, rather than of selfishly thinking how we can be happiest."

"Nellie and I dressed some dolls for the poor children's Christmas-tree at the mission-school," said May, eager to prove that they had not thought only of themselves.

"I have not forgotten how diligently my little girls worked," said her mamma, lovingly pressing the little hand which was laid in hers, "and I was very glad to see it; for that is one way of making others happy; but I mean something more than one or two acts of kindness like that. Try to be a blessing to others all the time, forgetting yourselves. Jesus came to bless,

not to be blessed. Take Him for your example. Thus you will sing in your hearts and lives, as well as in words, the song which the angels sang at the Saviour's birth. Who can tell what it is?"

"I can, mamma," said George. And then he repeated these beautiful words, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will to men."

"It is having that good-will to men in the heart which causes the desire to be a blessing to others," said Mrs. Stacey. "The second part of the angels' song I want you to think about also, 'Peace on earth.' Jesus says, 'Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God.' If you try to be loving and gentle, and to pre-

vent quarrels, you will be peace-makers, helping to bring peace on earth."

At this, George took May's hand, as if to show her that he was sorry he had spoken so hastily about the doll, and she laid her head on Charlie's shoulder, wishing she had not been so ready to reprove him.

The ringing of the bell for tea prevented any further conversation; then they had evening prayers, and sang Christmas hymns until bedtime.

Christmas-day came, and all the children were made happy by various gifts, which, as George said, "were just what every one wanted." Nellie had a pile of books, as well as a paint box and a case of pencils; May, the much desired wax doll, with a trunk

full of the clothes for the little lady; and George and Charlie had blocks, soldiers, and drums, besides a large rocking-horse.

The day after Christmas, some of their cousins came to see them, to play with their toys, and to tell of their own presents. For a while every thing went on harmoniously in the play room, and Nellie, who had commenced a very interesting story in one of her new books, slipped quietly away from them all into her own room to read. She had not been there very long, however, when she heard loud disputing among the children.

“I say, I won’t have my blocks used for such a house,” George said; “you must make it as I want it.”

“You’ve been on that horse long enough; it’s my turn now,” said another voice; and then they all seemed to be talking at once.

“O dear!” said Nellie to herself; “I wish they could play without quarrelling, and let me read in peace.” That one word *peace* reminded her of what her mother had said on Sunday night.

To be sure, it would be pleasanter for her to remain by herself and read; but if she went to the children, she might be a peace-maker; so, taking her book in her hand, she returned to the play room, exclaiming, as she entered the room, “Oh! here is such a funny picture in one of my new books! Don’t you all want to see it?” In a

moment the disputes were all forgotten, and the children crowded around her.

“There is a story about it, too; shall I read it to you?” she said.

“Oh, yes! do, do!” they all exclaimed.

So she commenced to read, standing by the table, with her cousin Maggie looking over her shoulder.

At any other time she might have objected to this; but she was too much bent on being a peace-maker to say any thing about it now.

Their mother, who was with the baby in the nursery, had heard the disputing also, and now she wondered what had caused it to cease so suddenly. As soon as she could leave the baby, she went to the play room, and



saw through the half-open door the young reader and her eager listeners. She went quietly away, without letting them see her, feeling thankful that her darling had thus taken to her heart the teaching of Christmas, and was trying to be a blessing to others, as well as a peace-maker.





## XII.

### The Little Blind Girl.



ONE summer, Jeanie went with her mamma to visit her grandpa and grandma in the country. There were no little children in the house for her to play with; but her Aunt Fanny, who was her mamma's youngest sister, still lived at home with her father and mother, and "she liked fun," Jeanie said, "just as well as little girls did." Almost every afternoon she used to take Jeanie for a ramble; sometimes

to the brook where they tried to catch the tiny fish which swam about in its clear waters, sometimes to the meadows to pick blackberries, and sometimes to the woods to gather wild flowers.

One afternoon, as they were returning home with their hats filled with flowers, they stopped to rest in a field near the house where the wheat had been cut, and was being tied in sheaves, ready to be carried into the barn. They sat down to arrange their flowers nicely, and to mix some stalks of wheat with them, when Jeanie suddenly exclaimed, "Aunt Fanny, there's a little girl on the other side of the field; may I go and give her some flowers?"

"Yes, darling, you may," said Aunt Fanny. And she rose from the stone

where they had been sitting and walked along with the eager little girl. "It is Laura Hastings, whose father has lately come to live near us; but, poor child! she cannot enjoy any thing as you can, for she is blind."

"Blind? O, Aunt Fanny! how dreadful; then she will not care for my flowers."

"Oh! yes; she likes to feel and smell them. Don't you see how her hat is trimmed with daisies and wheat? I suppose her nurse has gathered them for her; there, she is picking some more."

Jeanie looked in the direction in which Aunt Fanny pointed, and saw an old woman bending over some wheat which had not yet been cut.

By this time they had reached the little girl; but a sudden fit of shyness had come over Jeanie, so she held up the bouquet to her Aunt Fanny, and asked her in a whisper to give it for her. But Aunt Fanny shook her head, as she said, "Laura, here is my little niece, Jeanie, and she has some flowers for you, which she brought from the woods."

Laura looked so pleased, and took the flowers which Jeanie put into her hand with such a happy "thank you," that Jeanie could hardly believe that she could not see just how beautiful they were.

Then Aunt Fanny turned over one of the sheaves of wheat, so that the little girls could have a comfortable

seat, and leaving them to become better acquainted, she went to speak to Laura's nurse.

When she returned to them, they were talking together as familiarly as if they had known each other all their lives, while Laura held the flowers softly against her cheek, as if she loved them dearly. The little girls were in no haste to separate; but Aunt Fanny said it was getting late, and Laura's nurse promised to bring her to see Jeanie the next day, when they could have a nice play together. Jeanie stopped on her way to the house to pick up her hat, which she had left where she had been sitting when she arranged her flowers, and then ran in to tell her mamma all about the little blind girl.

Her mamma was very much interested in all Jeanie said, though she talked so fast that at first she could not understand of whom she was speaking. "O mamma!" said Jeanie, as she finished her account, "how I wish that Jesus was here now, that I might take Laura to Him and ask Him to make her see, as He did that blind man you told me about."

"Well, my love," said her mamma, "you can ask Him now; for He can hear you now just as well as He could when He was living on this earth, and you know the blind man could not see Him when he called to Him any better than you can."

That night, when Jeanie knelt by her mother's side, to pray as usual be-

fore going to bed, she asked Jesus that Laura might receive her sight; and after that, she never forgot to pray for her morning and evening, or whenever she knelt to ask for any blessing for herself.

Laura came to see Jeanie often after their first meeting in the wheat field, and they had very nice times together, No one who heard their merry voices while they were playing in the orchard, or sitting on the piazza dressing their dolls, would have supposed that one of the children was blind.

“Why, Laura,” said Jeanie, on the first day they played together, “you can put on your doll’s clothes and tie her sack just as well as if you could see; how do you know when they are right?”



“I know because I can feel them with my fingers,” said Laura.

“I mean to try if I can dress my doll without looking at her,” said Jeanie. So she shut her eyes very tight, and took her doll in her lap ; but she made so many mistakes in changing her clothes, that both the little girls laughed merrily. When they told Aunt Fanny about it, she said that Laura had learned to use her fingers instead of eyes.

Sometimes Laura's mamma allowed her to go with Jeanie and her Aunt Fanny on some of their rambles, and it was beautiful to see how gently and carefully Jeanie would lead the blind girl, never seeming to care to run and skip along as she did when she was alone.

When the time came for Jeanie to go home, the little girls felt very sadly at parting; but they were somewhat consoled when Jeanie's mamma promised to come to grandpa's with her again the next summer.

But during the winter Aunt Fanny wrote the sad news that Laura was very ill, and the following week came this letter to Jeanie:

“MY DARLING JEANIE: Do you not remember how often you have prayed to Jesus to give Laura her sight? You wished her to be able to see in this world; but Jesus, who loves her better than you do, knew what would be the happiest for her, so He has given her what you asked for, and more, for He

has opened her eyes first in heaven, and now she looks upon glories of which neither you nor I can form any idea. Her papa and mamma miss their little girl very much ; but they are so glad that she is no longer blind, and that she is with Jesus, that they do not mourn for her, but look forward to the time when they shall join her in that world of light ; and now will you not rejoice with them, and pray that you may meet her again in heaven ?

“ Tell mamma, when she reads this to you, to give you a great many kisses.

“ From your loving

“ AUNT FANNY.”

“ O mamma ! ” sobbed Jeanie, when the letter was finished, “ I shall never have any one to play with again so

lovely as Laura ; she never was cross or vexed, but always so gentle ; and she told me she loved Jesus. Do you think she is glad to be with Him ? ”

“ I am sure of it,” said her mother ; “ and now I want to read to you about the beautiful city to which she has gone.” Then she read of the white robes, and the golden streets, and the light and joy there is because God is there, “ and they shall see His face.”

Then Jeanie was comforted, as she thought how glad Laura must be to be able to see, and she could say with Aunt Fanny that Jesus knew what was best.





### XIII.

## Goodwill toward Men.



TWO little boys, George and Arthur, were standing at the window of their mother's parlor.

"Look, Arthur, there comes that old Mr. Herman; isn't he ugly?" said George.

"Yes," replied his brother, "I can't bear him; yesterday he wanted to shake hands with me when I met him at the door, and I wouldn't; I put my hands behind my back, just so."

And the little fellow showed how he did it.

“ I’m glad of it,” said George ; “ he wears such old shabby clothes and smells so of smoke. There he comes up the steps ; I mean to make a face at him.” And the little boy screwed his face into a scornful, disagreeable expression, very different from his usual happy look. I am very glad that I cannot tell you how he did it, for I should not want you, my little reader, ever to look so.

George did not think Mr. Herman would see him ; but he looked up just then, pleased that the boys were there, and was just about to make them a polite bow when he saw George’s frightful grimace. Surprised

and grieved, for he could not mistake its meaning, he bent his eyes to the ground, opened the door with his latch-key, and went upstairs to his own room.

“Oh! he saw me,” said George, a little startled. “What do you think he will say? Perhaps he’ll tell mamma.”

“He can’t speak English enough for that,” said Arthur; “and who cares what he thinks, Old Smoke-pipe!”

But if those little boys had heard the old gentleman sigh as he went upstairs, and had seen his sad look as he entered his lonely room, they would have cared, and felt sorry for him too. He was fond of children, and could not bear to be the object of dislike to the

two pretty boys who were boarding in the same house with him. He only met them sometimes in the passages or in the street, for they took their meals in their own rooms with their mamma, who was an invalid. But when he did see them, they treated him with such dislike and rudeness that it was painful to him.

He was a German, and had not made many friends since he had come to this country; but he longed for love and sympathy, from little children especially.

“What shall I do to make those little boys like me?” he thought, as he sat that evening by the fire smoking his pipe, which he did not know was the great cause of offence to the boys, mak-



ing his clothes smell so disagreeably of smoke. "I have it," he said again, his face brightening; "Christmas will soon be here, and then I will show them what the poor old German can do." And he looked happy again as he thought of the many joyful Christmas days he had spent in the fatherland.

After this, every one in the house noticed how many brown paper parcels Mr. Herman was continually bringing home, of all shapes and sizes. He spent a great deal of time in his room also, scarcely ever going out in the evening as usual.

The morning before Christmas a note was left at Mrs. Perry's door from Mr. Herman, requesting that he might

have the pleasure of receiving her little sons, George and Arthur, in his room that evening.

“Christmas eve,” said their mamma, as she read the note; “would you like to go, boys?”

The children hesitated; they had some curiosity to see what was in Mr. Herman’s room, but then their old dislike to him was as strong as ever, though they did not like to say any thing about that for fear their mamma might hear of their behavior toward him. She had an idea, however, of their feelings toward him, for she had overheard some of their conversation when they had been standing at the window and they thought she was sleeping on the couch. So she said

they need not decide about going until late in the afternoon, for Mr. Herman would not be at home to receive their answer until then.

It happened that it was a very stormy day, and the little boys could not go out, and they had to keep still, for their mamma had a headache. When the time came to answer Mr. Herman's invitation, they were pleased at the prospect of any change, and they said they would go if the nurse would go with them.

Their mamma said she might; and so at seven o'clock, the little boys with their maid Sarah tapped at the door of Mr. Herman's room. In an instant it was opened, and then what a beautiful sight presented itself! George and

Arthur did not need Sarah to urge them to go in now. There on a table, in the centre of the room, stood a beautiful little evergreen tree with small lighted candles, bright balls, shining sugar-plums, and beautiful little toys on every branch. The boys saw all these things after Mr. Herman had led them up to the table. At first, it only seemed to them one blaze of light and beauty.

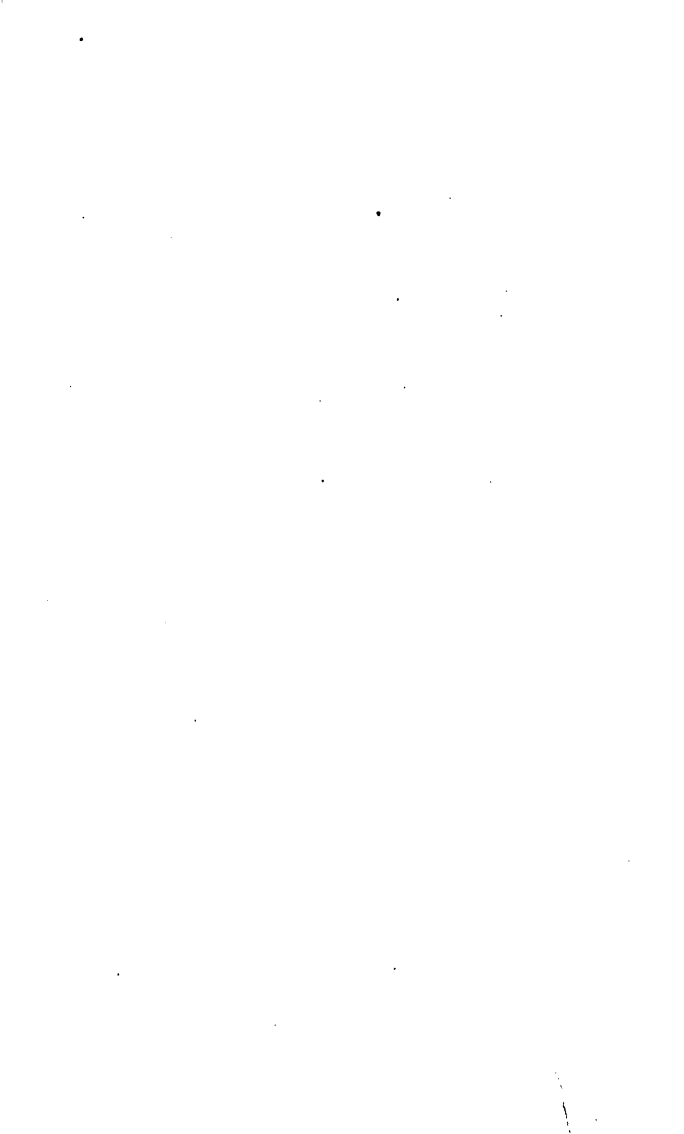
It was the first Christmas-tree they had ever seen, for this was many years ago, before the beautiful German custom had been introduced to this country. For in Germany, even the poorest family have their Christmas-tree with a few candles, if nothing more.

“There,” said the old gentleman,

after he had witnessed the silent astonishment of the children, and led them round the table two or three times. "What do you think of that? Can't you shake hands with me now?"

"Yes, indeed we will," said George, giving him both his hands, and little Arthur held up his face for a kiss. All their dark, ugly feeling of dislike had been sent away by the bright shining of the Christmas-tree. They were ashamed and sorry that they had been so rude to the kind old man, who had taken so much pains to give them pleasure. The boys began to tell him so; but he said, "No matter; you did not know me; you judged by looks, which was wrong; now I hope you will love me a little." And then he showed all





the pretty things which were hanging on the tree.

“How I wish mamma could see it!” said George; “but then she could never get upstairs.”

“The tree is your own, my little man. I made it for you and your brother,” said Mr. Herman, “and I will carry it to your room whenever you wish.”

“Oh! I will go down and ask mamma if she would like it brought now,” said George, for Sarah had long before returned to their apartments. In a few minutes he came back, saying that his mamma was not well enough to-night, but to-morrow she would like to see it. So the children staid in Mr. Herman’s room until he had to put out the can-



dles on the tree, for fear they would set it on fire ; then he lighted the gas, and they looked at some of the pictures hanging on the wall ; but Mr. Herman said they must come and see them by daylight. Then he brought out a dish of fruit and made them take some, and they had such a pleasant time that they were sorry when Sarah came for them ; and, strange to say, they never thought of the smell of smoke, which had offended them so before.

They were so glad that their mamma's head was better, so that they could tell her of the beautiful tree. They could not go to bed, though, without telling her, too, how rudely they had treated and talked about the kind old gentleman.

The next morning their happiness was complete when Mr. Herman brought the tree to their room, so carefully that not an ornament was displaced. After their mamma had admired all its beauties, she drew her little boys beside her on the couch, and said, "I think my darlings have learned from Mr. Herman a part at least of the song the angels sung on the first Christmas morning, 'Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will to men.' Love to each other is the good-will to men that the dear Saviour came to teach us; He wants all, even little children, to be kind and considerate to every one. You treated Mr. Herman unkindly, because you did not like his looks; you had no good-will in your

heart toward him. But he forgave it, and has shown his good-will to you by providing for you this beautiful tree."

The kind German never had to sigh over the rudeness of the boys after this ; they were always eager to visit him in his room, and cheered him in many a lonely hour. They had also many a pleasant walk with him, and they found that he could speak English very well, and tell them entertaining stories.





## XIV.

### The Little French Girl.

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“O MAMMA!” said little Louise, “do come out on the balcony and look at this bird and its nest; Aunt Nina and I have been watching it for some time.” Her mother smiled as she took the child’s hand, and went with her through the open casement on to the stone balcony projecting over the gate which led into the court of the castle. Although it was then the month of February, it was very

pleasant to be in the open air, which was as warm and balmy as it is here in early summer, for the old chateau in which Louise lived was situated in the south of France.

The three, who were watching the bird, stood very still for fear of disturbing him, though he did not seem at all shy, but continued to bring materials for building the nest under the projection of the stone balcony, quite as if no one was there.

After a while, Louise noticed that her aunt had withdrawn her attention from the bird to some object in the distance. Louise looked in the same direction, and saw a little old man approaching the chateau with a large, light leather trunk slung on his back.

A peddler we should have called him ; in France he was called a *colporteur*. The little girl danced up and down, and clapped her hands with delight, exclaiming, " Oh ! how glad I am ; there is Pierre, and he will have so many pretty things to show us ; come, let us go down." And she darted in at the window, her mother and aunt following more slowly.

Louise was very much disappointed when they reached the court-yard to find there a stranger, instead of Pierre, who was ill ; but she was consoled when her mother asked him into the dining-hall, and she found he had just as pretty things to sell as Pierre ever had. To this little girl, who lived far from any large town, and never had

even seen the fine shops, so familiar to many of my readers, the visit of a peddler two or three times a year was a great event; as indeed it was also to the older members of the family, for in this way they purchased most of their clothing. After a new dress had been selected for Louise, and one for her mother and aunt, besides various other articles needed for the household, and the *colporteur* had received commissions for his next visit, the servants were allowed an opportunity of making their purchases, and the ladies returned to the parlor where they had been sitting when they had gone to look at the bird.

They were still occupied in admiring their dresses and planning how they

should be made, when a message came from the *colporteur*, "Would madame see him again for a few moments?"

"Yes, he might come up into the parlor," was the reply, where he shortly made his appearance, with only a small bag slung over one shoulder. As soon as the servant who had ushered him in had withdrawn, he approached the ladies, and said in a low tone, "I have something in this bag more precious than any thing I have yet offered madame; will the ladies look at it?"

"To be sure," said Louise, "we wish to see every pretty thing you have." And she stood impatiently by his side while he opened the bag. Great was her disappointment, how-



ever, when, instead of displaying some article of jewelry, as she hoped, he drew out a large black book, — having gilt leaves, it is true, but otherwise not at all attractive in its appearance. “Is that all?” said the little girl. “I thought you had a gold necklace at least.”

“Ah, mademoiselle! this book is more precious than silver or gold; it contains words to us from the good God; hear what He says.” And the *colporteur* opened the book and read, “I am the good Shepherd; the shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.” “Oh! that is beautiful,” said Louise. “There are lovely stories in this book, too,” said the *colporteur*, pleased with her interest; and turning back a few

leaves, he read how Jesus took a little girl who was dead, by the hand, and raised her to life again. Louise was charmed. "Do buy the book, mamma!" she exclaimed. Her mother shook her head; she was not much interested, and she had already expended all the money she could spare.

The *colporteur* had some idea of the cause of her hesitation; for he at once offered to leave the book, and wait until the next time he came for the money; or they could return it then, if they did not wish to keep it. Louise was much pleased when her mamma assented to this proposal, and the *colporteur* had hardly left the apartment before she was deeply engaged in read-

ing the book, which, as my readers have probably surmised, was a copy of the Bible, — God's holy word. Children in this country, who have been accustomed to see it in their homes, and to hear it read from their earliest years, cannot understand how new and interesting it was to Louise. For in France the Bible is a rare book: except in Paris and a few large cities, it can only be obtained from *colporteurs*, who are engaged by the Bible Society to sell it with their other goods. Only a few are willing to offer it for sale, fearing the displeasure of the parish priests, who do not like the people to read it.

Father Antoine, the priest of Veaux, where Louise lived, never heard of the

visit of the *colporteur* to the chateau; and so the little girl, and her mother and aunt — for they soon became as much interested as she — continued to read the Bible daily, and to receive much precious instruction from it. Louise was never weary of reading the histories of Joseph, of Moses, and of David; but most of all she delighted in reading of Jesus, who was so loving and gentle, and she tried to be like Him in all things.

In a few months the *colporteur* again visited the chateau; but, as he approached, he saw no one on the balcony, as at his former visit; all was as still as if the castle were deserted. When he asked for the ladies the servant led the way to the apartment

where he had last seen the little Louise ; but she was not there. Her mother, in deep mourning, was seated by the window alone, reading the Bible. She was much affected when she saw the *colporteur*.

“ Ah ! ” she exclaimed, “ you are welcome. I have a message for you from my little daughter. Only a few weeks since, she left me, to go to Jesus, whom she had learned from this book to love. She was ill but a few days, and most of the time in great pain ; shortly before she ceased to breathe, she said, ‘ Thank the good man who brought the sweet words of Jesus to us. I am so glad that I know about the beautiful mansions He has prepared ; for I am going there to live

with Him forever ;' then, with a happy smile, she closed her eyes to open them no more. My only consolation now is in reading this book which has taught us both of the happy home, where I hope some day to join her."

The lady then gave the *colporteur* the price of the Bible, and added a sum of money to pay for other copies to distribute among the poor. He left the chateau, feeling very grateful to God that He had so much blessed the word, and made him the messenger of truth. He was too much affected to care to visit any other house that afternoon, so he directed his steps at once to the inn where he had intended to pass the night, only turning aside to enter the little cemetery and place a wreath of

immortelles on the simple cross which marked the last resting-place of the happy Louise.





## XV.

### The Birds' Christmas-Tree.

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“OH! such fun; such jolly fun; the richest joke of the season,” said Philip Jay, as he burst into the room where his brother Albert was reading; “I have been laughing all the way home at it.” And he threw himself on the lounge as if exhausted.

“Laughing at what?” said Albert a little impatiently, for he felt annoyed at being interrupted in the most interesting part of his story.



“ You know Johnny Stein, the German boy, who lives in that house just before you come to Mr. Parsons’s woods?”

“ Yes, yes !” said Albert ; “ but what of him ?”

“ Why, I met him just now coming out of the woods with two evergreen trees, one about as high as himself, and the other quite small. I hailed him, and asked him where he got them, and what he was going to do with them. He said Mr. Parsons said he might cut them from the woods, and that the large one was for a Christmas-tree for himself and his brothers and sisters ; but the other one was for the birds. ‘ For the birds ?’ said I, thinking I had not understood him. ‘ Yes,’ he replied

‘for the birds.’ And then he went on to tell me, in his broken English, how his little sister and brother fed the birds from their window every morning, and how they had asked him to get them a tree to put outside the window, on which they could put the birds’ Christmas-feast; ‘only, you know,’ he added, ‘the birds will not see it until morning, for they will be asleep when we have our tree.’ But isn’t it ridiculous nonsense, — a birds’ Christmas-tree? O dear me!” And again Philip went off in a fit of laughter.

“Why, I don’t see any thing to laugh at in that,” said Albert. “I think it is a beautiful idea, I’m sure, and I mean to go and see it on Christmas morning. I dare say, those poor children are

thinking more about the birds' Christmas-tree than of their own. Precious little they'll have on it, either, I'm thinking; for you know their father is only a day-laborer, and cannot have much money to spare for toys. I'll tell you what: let us take some of our money and buy things for them. We might take some care of the little Steins, if they take care of the little birds."

"Agreed," said Phil heartily. "I declare you're a capital fellow for thinking of it; that's much better than laughing at them; but then," he added, after a pause, "you know we have to buy presents yet for father and mother, as well as sister Kate and little Annie; so I'm afraid we shall not have much money for the Steins."

• “Oh! yes, we will,” said Albert; “let’s count and see!” And taking their money from their desks, for they were in their own room, the boys proceeded to portion it out. This was not difficult, for they had already decided what they would buy for each member of the family, and they knew pretty nearly what each article would cost. But they found, after they had added it all up, that this would only leave one dollar between them to spare for the poor children. They looked at it ruefully, for it did not seem as if they could buy many things with such a small sum.

“Perhaps father and mother would help us,” said Phil.

“I don’t want to ask them,” said

Albert. "It would be so much better to do it all ourselves ; but if we have to get help, I would rather ask sister Kate to join us."

"The very person," said Phil ; "I'll go and bring her here at once." And without waiting to hear Albert's objections, if he had any to make, he darted across the hall to his sister's room. She was much interested in Albert's plan, smiled at Phil's story of the birds' Christmas-tree, but thought it a beautiful idea, and promised to help them all she could.

"Perhaps you have some toys of your own that you would like to give away," she said ; "and I dare say there are broken ones in that box in the attic, which we might mend."

Before she had finished her sentence, Phil had opened the closet-door, mounted to a high shelf, and brought down a box of soldiers and a puzzle, which he had had a long time. Albert found a dissected map and a ball of red morocco. These they thought would please Johnnie.

“Splendid!” said Kate. “Why, at this rate, you’ll have enough for the tree without buying any thing; and now for the broken toys in the attic.”

They found a wagon which had lost a wheel, but as the wheel was there, the boys were sure they could put it on; a wooden horse, whose broken leg a little glue would mend, and various articles of baby-house furniture, which Annie had discarded, but which could

be mended so that Johnnie's little sister would think them as good as new. They carried them all down to their room, but it was too late to do any thing to them that day. The next afternoon, with Kate's help, the boys mended them, so that they were as good as ever, though they did not look quite as fresh as when they were new.

On Saturday, Kate went with her brothers to the city near which they lived, and bought their presents for the family, and ornaments, candy, and fruit for the Steins' Christmas-tree — nothing very expensive, but such as Kate was sure the children would like. For her part, she bought a pair of warm gloves for each child, and a bright-colored tippet for the little girl ; also a doll for her, which she dressed prettily

Mrs. Jay often employed Mrs. Stein to sew for her ; and two days before Christmas, it happened that there was a pile of work ready for her, and she came to get it. Before she left the house, Kate called her to her room, and gave her a basket containing the various articles which they had prepared for the tree, asking her not to tell her children about them, but let them enjoy the surprise of seeing them first on the tree. The good woman's eyes filled with tears when she fully understood what had been prepared for her.

“My poor children !” she said in her broken English, “they must have their tree, though I had so little for them ; but now they will be so happy.



May the dear Christ-child bless you all!"

Here the boys, who, too shy to give the basket themselves, had witnessed the whole scene from Kate's closet, the door of which was partly open, felt a slight moisture gathering about their eyes, so they were glad to see her leave the room, that they might rush out of doors and shout and jump,—a mode of expressing their feelings which suited them better than shedding tears.

On Christmas eve, the thought of the tree in the little German cottage which they had helped to fill added to their enjoyment of the fine large tree which their parents had prepared for them. The next morning, sister Kate went with them, before church, to see the birds' Christmas-tree.

There it stood by the cottage window, with the snow which had fallen in the night resting on its branches. There were many birds hopping about it yet, pecking at the candy and sugar hanging from it, though the children had long before sprinkled crumbs of bread, and cake, and meat all about the tree for their breakfast.

Mrs. Stein, who was at the window with her youngest boy and girl, saw Kate and her brothers, and invited them into the cottage to see the children's tree. It was very tastefully arranged, and the boys felt so glad that they had helped to make the little Germans so happy as they seemed to be.

“We could never have carried out

this plan without you," said Albert to his sister, as they walked on to church together.

"Now," said Phil, "we know what those words mean, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"





## XVI.

### The Wanderers.



A SEVERE snow-storm had set in, and every one in the streets was hurrying home as fast as possible, — that is, every one who had a home ; for, sad to say, in a great city there are many homeless and houseless ones, who are glad to creep in any shelter they can find, — under area steps, behind shutters, anywhere out of the peltings of a storm, such as the one of which we are writing.

Of this latter class was Rover, a poor dog who had lost his master about two weeks before, and since then had been at many doors asking as plainly as he could by mute, appealing looks, for shelter, only to be turned off, sometimes with a kick or cross word, though sometimes the same hand which turned him away would give him a bone, which served to keep him from starving. This life for two weeks had given him a lean, forlorn look ; yet still he had not given up his search for a home, and on this stormy afternoon he had sneaked — for his repeated rebuffs had taken away his former boldness — up the steps of a handsome house on one of the principal streets, and had placed himself

close to the door, as if he hoped that it would soon open to let him in.

In a few minutes, a bright-eyed, happy boy came whistling cheerily up the steps. "Halloa, old fellow!" said he, as he spied the dog, "what do you want, eh?" Poor Rover was so unused to words of kindness of late, that he jumped on the boy and licked his hands in an ecstasy of delight, and when the door was opened, tried to rush in, as if he were now sure that he had found a home at last.

"Not so fast, old fellow!" said the boy as he gently pushed the dog out and closed the door, much to the poor animal's disappointment; "we must first hear what auntie has to say." He found his auntie seated by a cheerful

fire in the parlor. "O auntie!" he exclaimed, "there is a poor dog outside the front-door, and he does not seem to have any home, and it is snowing so fast; mayn't I bring him in?"

"But, Henry," said his aunt, "you know I dislike dogs so much."

"Yes, but, auntie, you need not see him; I'll take him to the kitchen, and I dare say Bridget will let him get warm there, and give him a nice supper; then to-morrow he can stay in the yard, you know."

Though Harry's aunt had no love for dogs, yet she had so much for her little nephew that she could not bear to deny him any reasonable request; so she gave her consent, and Rover, to his great joy, was invited in and made

welcome by Bridget at her kitchen fire. After he was well dried and warmed, and had had a good supper, he did not look so forlorn ; and when Harry, after he had learned his lessons for the next day, went down to see him, he was quite willing that Rover should jump on him to manifest his gratitude ; he was even admitted to the parlor, at Harry's urgent solicitation, to show what a handsome dog he was in a fair way of becoming.

There were other houseless, homeless ones, who that very night sought shelter in the same house, only they were not bold enough to go to the front-door, they were so afraid of being given in charge of the police, — two little girls whose parents were dead.



The woman who called herself their mother had beaten them so the last time they had returned from begging without bringing as much as she expected, that they had run away from her, never to return to the wretched place she called home.

They had now been wandering about for three days, sleeping wherever they could find a shelter, begging for a piece of bread now and then ; and as this was the first snow-storm of the season, they had not suffered as much as one might suppose. They were standing on the opposite side of the street when Harry took the dog in the house. "I wish we could be let in like that," said Mary, the youngest child.

“ Oh ! don’t you think of it,” said her sister ; “ they’d send us to the station-house ; but maybe we can get into the *airey* after dark, and stay there.”

The wished-for darkness soon came, and watching their opportunity, they slipped into the area, where, to their great delight, they found the door of the vault under the front steps unlocked. They went in, and, pulling the door nearly shut, so that no one could see them, they emptied some ashes from a barrel into a heap upon the stone floor, and sitting down on it close together with their heads resting against the barrel, they fell asleep.

Here Bridget found them in the morning when she went to empty the

ashes after making the kitchen fire. Her scream of surprise, almost fear, brought Abby, the other girl, to see what was the matter, and woke the children at the same time. They jumped up in great alarm, and were running off, but Bridget was too quick for them; she planted herself firmly against the area gate, which was shut, saying in her rich Irish brogue, "In-dade, you don't go until you tell me how you got here, and then, maybe, I'll give you some breakfast. To think of your sleeping among the ashes. What will the misthress say?"

In the mean time Abby had brought a broom, with which she brushed the ashes from the children's clothes, and led them into the kitchen, where

Bridget followed them. While she was getting them some bread and cold meat for their breakfast, her mistress's bell rang, and Abby hastened upstairs to make the fire in her room, and tell of the strange discovery.

“ Oh ! how dreadful ! ” said the kind-hearted lady ; for such she was, though she did not like dogs ; “ to think of those poor little things sleeping in the vault, while I was in such a comfortable bed, and Master Harry in his. If I had only known, I would have brought them into the house.”

“ If you please, ma'am,” said Abby, “ you need not be so troubled ; I dare say they have not been used to a much better place.” And Abby was right ; for no doubt if she had been compelled

to choose between the two, she would have preferred the vault to the miserable, filthy cellar which had been their abode. Still, that did not make it any the more comfortable for the children.

When Harry came down to see how his dog had fared, he was much surprised to see two children sharing with Rover the warmth and comfort of the kitchen fire. He was as much shocked as his aunt when he heard where they had passed the night; he was sure that he could not have slept if he had known they were there.

It was a wonder how Bridget managed to get breakfast with so many more than usual in her kitchen; but she did, and while Harry was eating it with his aunt, he said, "It seems as if

your house, auntie, had suddenly become a refuge for wanderers."

"Well, my boy," said his aunt, "I am very glad to be able to do any thing for poor and forsaken ones, for the sake of Him who, though Lord of all, had not where to lay His head."

Bridget's kindness and good breakfast made the children very confiding, and they told her of their former life. Their story was repeated by Abby to her mistress, and the result was, that Harry was requested to order a carriage for his aunt, as he went to school.

"I will take the children to the Home for the Friendless," she said; "they will have better care there than I can give them, and perhaps in a little while we can find a real home for them."

“Is there no home for friendless dogs, auntie?” said Harry quizzically.

His aunt shook her head. “No, Harry; I do not know of any, so I suppose I shall have to let you keep your Rover,” for so Harry had named him, “until you go home for Christmas, and then you can take him with you, for the country is the best place for dogs.”

“Oh! thank you very much,” said Harry. And he kissed his aunt and ran off for the carriage with more than his usual alacrity.

The children drew back a little when they found they were going in such a fine carriage with a lady; they feared they were to be taken to the station-house, after all. But when they saw

Abby ready to accompany them, they were reassured, and willingly took a seat beside her.

They were kindly received at the Home, and before their new friends left, they had the satisfaction of seeing the little girls neatly dressed and in the school-room with the other children.

Harry's home was in the country ; he was only spending the winter with his aunt for the purpose of going to school ; and that very afternoon he wrote to his mother, asking permission to bring the dog with him when he came home for the Christmas holidays. He told her also of the two poor children who had found a refuge in the vault on the same night.

The answer came back very soon,



assuring Harry that the dog would be welcome, and also asking further particulars of the children. A farmer and his wife who lived near Harry's parents would like to adopt them, as they had no children of their own.

The managers of the Home having ascertained that the parents of the little girls were really dead, and there was no one to care for them, were very glad to have a real home provided for the orphans. So when Harry's father came for him, he had the two little girls and the dog also added to his care on the journey.

Thus the poor, houseless, homeless wanderers found a home and friends at last.



